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Benjamin R. Tillman, the Raving Maniac Anarchist

Endeavors to Transform the American House of Lords Into A Minstrel Show.

Disgraceful Scenes Enacted In the United States Senate by the Members of the Superior Race.

Senator Foraker Triumphs Over President Roosevelt—Full Investigation Will Be Had of the Alleged "Shooting Up" of Brownsville, Tex.



COL. A. D. GASH.

One of the most eminent lawyers in this country; whose eloquent words completely swayed the Jury in Judge Gibbons' Court Thursday, January 17, causing it to return a verdict against Col. "Pony" Moore and in favor of Julius F. Taylor for eighteen thousand dollars.

Last Monday, President Roosevelt and the three companies of the 25th Regiment whom he has dishonorably discharged again bobbed up in the American House of Lords, and Benjamin R. Tillman the raving maniac Anarchist, endeavored to transform it into a minstrel show. True to his nature he was so rough and brutal in his conduct and language, and made such bitter and uncalled for attacks on many of the Senators, while attempting to deliver a speech on President Roosevelt and his right to discharge the three companies of the 25th Regiment, while belching forth his Anarchistic utterances, Anarchist Ben became so overbearing and so insulting or offensive in his remarks, that several Senators were on their feet at the same time, and the most disgraceful scenes were enacted in the United States Senate by the members of the superior race who conducted themselves much worse than a bunch of Colored prize fighters.

Right at this point it can be truthfully said that if any Negro was a member of the United States Senate and if he conducted himself like Ben Tillman does, his body would be filled full of lead hot from hell, for he never would be permitted to make a monkey of himself and everybody else like the South Carolina Anarchist, and the most astonishing thing to us is, that "the members of the Senate, will tolerate him for one minute, for no member of that body has ever accomplished as much in the way of teaching the people to look upon the established laws with scorn and contempt, and to trample them under their feet, as Ben Tillman, and it would be well if he was administered a very strong dose of rough on rats, for the good of humanity!

Ben Tillman as he continued to disgrace every member of the United States Senate, with his vile and murderous talk, exclaimed that "he would not call the Negro a baboon, for I believe they are men, yet they are so akin to monkeys that scientists are looking for the missing link yet." In this statement, Ben proves himself a bare faced liar for when he spoke here in Chicago last November he "branded all Negroes as being nothing more than baboons, wild beasts and savages. Then after telling this bold lie, he gleefully rubbed his hands together which are stained with the blood of thousands of innocent Colored men, women and children whose lives he has assisted to end by strongly advocating mob and lynch law for all Negroes without the slightest provocation: he related for the edification of the honorable members of the Senate, how they handle the "Niggers," in South Carolina and with much pride he shouted "we shot them, we killed them and we will do it again."

There have in the past been many good liars in the United States Senate, but Ben beats them all, for when he attempted to speak at South Haven, Mich., last November, he declared that "all we have left in the South is mob and lynch law and that white

men down there must not stop to powder, for if they do, they will be forced to go to shooting. "Niggers," but in his dribblings from his Anarchistic mouth he denied that "he had ever advocated, mob and lynch law; then in the very next breath he declared that "as governor of South Carolina I proclaimed that although I had taken the oath of office to support the law and enforce it, I would lead a mob to lynch any man, black or white, who had ravished any woman, black or white," if this is not advocating mob and lynch law we are more than willing to eat our best white shirt. This clearly proves that Ben is the boss liar of the Senate.

With his intense hatred and contempt for the Colored race, there is not the least danger that Ben would ever lead a mob to defend the virtue and honor of any Colored woman unless he could use that woman as his door mat, so that he would be enabled to take all kinds of undue liberties with her.

That portion of his vapors in reference to "lynchings not like bees," will be passed over at this time and as stated before, his language was so rough, brutal and insulting, that Senator Carmack, flayed him in the following manner.

"No senator upon either side of the chamber has ever made remarks about the senator from South Carolina as studiously offensive as the senator from South Carolina without any provocation whatever has been seen fit to make of a number of his colleagues in this chamber.

"The senator from South Carolina saw fit to include me in his personal remarks without any provocation whatever so far as I can judge. I have no feeling of resentment toward the senator from South Carolina, for without making any personal application I wish to say that with respect to some men it is a misfortune rather than a fault that they do not know how to speak the language of courtesy and good feeling.

Groveling in the Dust.
"The senator from South Carolina saw fit to allude to the fact that I had been defeated for reelection. It was a retort so obvious, so easily within the reach of the most groveling controversial faculty, that I am not surprised that it should have been suggested to the intelligence of the senator from South Carolina.

"The senator from South Carolina did not need to lift his belly from the dust to attain to the height of that great retort."

Senator Carmack although a rank southerner possessing no love for the Negro, performed his duties well in this respect, and we only regret, that Senator Carmack did not then and there, introduce a resolution in favor of expelling the South Carolina Anarchist from the United States Senate.

At that stage of the deliberations, the scenes enacted in the Senate were so disgraceful that Senator Teller moved that its doors should be closed and the Senate should go into execu-

tive session, and after Anarchist Ben had humbly apologized to every member of that body, for his ungentlemanly conduct, and for his uncalled for vicious and murderous attacks on his associate members, that portion of his rantings was expunged from the Congressional Record, wherein he brawled out:

"It is idle to reason about it; it is idle to preach about it. Our brains reel under the staggering blow and hot blood surges to the heart. Civilization peels off us, any and all of us who are men, and we revert to the original savage type whose impulse under any and all such circumstances has always been to 'Kill! Kill! Kill!'"

This is conclusive proof that Ben is still a savage at heart, and that he wants all the other members of the superior race to follow in his footsteps and revert back to savagery and Anarchy!

The day after these disgraceful scenes were enacted in the United States Senate, Senator Foraker triumphed over President Roosevelt, for he secured the passage of his resolution, favoring a thorough investigation on the part of the Senate into the alleged "Shooting up," of Brownsville, Tex., by members of the 25th Regiment!

TILLMAN AGAIN ON EXHIBITION.

What is Senator Tillman up to? What was the occasion for his harangue about the supremacy of the white race and his disgusting allusion to social equality? It has always seemed to us that a Southern white man degraded himself by even discussing questions of this character, unless the subject was forced upon him and even then his part of the debate should be like a sword duel—a cut and a thrust and have it over as soon as possible. Does a Southern Senator elevate his own position or magnify white supremacy by strutting around the chamber, foaming at the mouth, protesting that he is better than a black man and that he abhors mixed marriages? We hope that the decent people at the North do not judge Southern manners by the Tillman samples.

There was no occasion for Mr. Tillman's harangue on racial supremacy and social equality. The question was whether or no the president was justifiable in discharging the Negro soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry because some of their number "shot up" the town of Brownsville, and by Mr. Tillman's own logic he was more than justifiable. Mr. Tillman holds that all Negro soldiers should be discharged on general principles. Much more, therefore should this riotous battalion be discharged for the good of the service.

Mr. Tillman will find difficulty in convincing the public that his ill tempered and ill-advised speech was inspired by his hatred of Mr. Roosevelt.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Is This Incendiary?

When Congress, opened last week, Senator Culberson, of Texas, in defending the action of President Roosevelt in the Brownsville matter, made a speech of considerable length and bitterness towards the Negro.

Among other things the Senator said:

"The people of the South are thinking deeply on this race problem," he declared. "It is not yet settled, in spite of the great civil war. It involves the education, labor, social order, suffrage, and the very integrity of the white race. A number of vistas present themselves. Sometimes they see deportation, and at other times a blended, corrupted, and degraded race, as the solution. At other times they seem to indicate that it can only end in war—a bloody, red-handed, and vengeful war—which can but result in the survival of the fittest.

The South despite the war and the law does not intend that the Negro shall have his civil and political rights.

We wonder if it has taken Senator Culberson all these years to find out that there is especially in the South, "a blended, corrupted and degraded race," made so by the white men who have but in these recent years discovered how degraded and corrupted are their offspring?

Doesn't Senator Culberson know that there are a million mulattoes in this country passing for white? Doesn't he know that the thousands of mulattoes of the South are the children of white men, some of the most illustrious names of the South? It appears to us that the less the Senator says about the awful record of his white brethren of the South, their utter disregard of the laws of God and man, in their ancestral lust, the better it will be for him and his.

But when the Senator suggests a war of extermination, we turn from this Texas statesmanship (?) in disgust, and ask is he not an incendiary and a murderer? If a Negro preacher anywhere in the South had stood up in public meeting and uttered these words and called upon the Negroes to arm and defend themselves, he would have been driven out as an incendiary too dangerous to be tolerated.

But a Senator standing on the floor of the Senate can incite violence and murder and go unrebuked for the same.

But in this question, a question of law, as to whether the President had a right to dismiss without honor, companies B, C and D, of the 25th Infantry, why should the race issue be brought in? Is there any place in these United States in which the Negro can be treated with fairness and given the same consideration as any other man?—The St. Luke Herald, Richmond, Va.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE "RACE QUESTION"

White Christian Gentlemen In the South With Drawn Weapons Force Colored Women to Accede to Their Beastly Desires.

Then They Set Up the Cry That Negro Men Rape White Women and Destroy the Purity of Their Homes.

An Appalling Condition In the South Land As Depicted by Mrs. Kate Kinsey Brook.

Recently Mrs. Kate Kinsey Brook, who was at one time a school teacher in the South, delivered the following address before the Chicago Society of Anthropology, on "Side Lights of the Race Question," and it affords us much pleasure to reproduce a part of her address from the February number of the To-Morrow Magazine; the second part of her lecture will not appear until a later period; it would be a mighty good investment if the wealthy Colored people would raise several hundred dollars a week for Mrs. Brook for the sole purpose of enabling her to travel through the North, and tell the true story of the actual conditions of affairs in the land of mob and lynch law!

"The race question is not based on a mere superficial emotion, it is the outgrowth of positive forces, that have been in operation for centuries. This problem can only be studied by actually living in the South and coming into confidential relation not only with the better class of whites, but also the poor whites and Negroes, when one will be forced to conclude that the "race question" is merely a matter of educating the white man.

The entire South vibrates with an undercurrent of subtle, unexpressed tension, ready to break forth at any moment in a torrent of sacrifice of human life.

The public does not know the real facts. The whites of the South, for the most part, are not cognizant of it, and those who do know will not tell. The Negroes know the facts, but they are afraid to speak.

During two years in the South, I gained the confidence of both white citizens and Negroes, and what they did not tell me, I saw, personally.

One of the first happenings, after I took up my residence in Louisiana was the lynching of George Young and his son. All summed up, the motive behind the lynching was George Young was "biggitty." He never raped a white woman nor attempted in any way to molest one and never did any particular harm, except that he was accused of shooting hogs which did not belong to him (a species of petty larceny common among the Negroes of the South which will be analyzed later). Young was unpopular among his own people as well as among the whites but unpopularity is not yet a crime punishable by death. Young had gathered a small amount of this world's goods. He had on hand several bales of cotton, which the white merchant proceeded to appropriate. He at one time had the effrontery to consult a lawyer to protect his property rights as a citizen. He had a tendency to be quarrelsome. He had words with the deputy sheriff who attempted to arrest him. To one who has lived in the South all this can be expressed in one word: George Young was "biggitty."

He drove to town, with his wife, to purchase supplies. As he turned to get out of the carriage he faced a shotgun, and was told to throw up his

hands. Turning he handed his pocketbook to his wife saying: "Here you take this. I won't need no more money in this world."

Young's son a lad in his teens, who never had been in any sort of trouble was working on the railroad as section hand. He heard the commotion, and when he learned that his father was in trouble threw down his pick and started to follow the crowd that was taking his father away.

"Go back," they said to him, "this is no place for you." "I don't care," he replied, "If my father goes to Hell I am going to go along with him."

The crowd rioting through the woods, along a peaceful road where I have walked many times; tall pines rearing their columns on either side, like a grand cathedral, their green tops arching in a vast dome overhead; dogwood trees blooming alongside the path; ferns growing knee high; everything speaking of peace and quiet and God. It seemed to me, always, as I pictured the happening, that the very environment ought to have checked the mad act. Here in the midst of the woods, they hung George Young, and then after he was strung up, they hung the boy, whose only crime was that he preferred death with his father rather than to leave him to enter the valley alone. Two dogwood trees mark the spot, and the name of George Young and his son, carved in the bark, tell the story to those who pass, that here two black men were murdered by their white neighbors, because one of them was "biggitty."

Here, at dawn, the wife and mother, enfeebled, grief-stricken, mad with uncertainty, found her husband and boy swinging in the breeze that came up from the gulf. With a scream she fell, fainting on the ground beneath them. A few hours later she gave premature birth to a child.

When she found her loved ones dead, some one had stolen a new pair of shoes from the feet of her son.

The dogwoods bloom and flaunt their leaves in the summer, and in the autumn their berries glow like a tracery of coral embroidery on a background of copper satin. The French mulberries rear their purple stems beneath. On every side the blackberry trails its branches, white with bloom or black with fruit. The wild rose follows the violet, the daisy and sunflower follow the rose, but as long as the dogwood blooms, and the violet and the rose and blackberry and Mulberry and sunflower follow one another the wind will breathe the story of the lynching of George Young and the lad and in the dark hours will wail the dread protest of a race war.

The frantic mother and wife, in the early morning, "Oh! my husband! my poor son! What have they done to you?" These shall give wings to the undercurrent of hatred in the hearts of the blacks.

As soon as she was 28
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